

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

The good Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
Rev. A. K. Haugen, Dec. 43
10:11

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Sermon for 2nd Sunday after Easter.

AN EASTER BENEDICTION

Epistle Hebrews 13: 20-21.

In the Easter sermon two weeks ago we considered the power that God placed at our disposal through Christ's resurrection. The two verses for today come as a benediction to the glorious message of Easter.

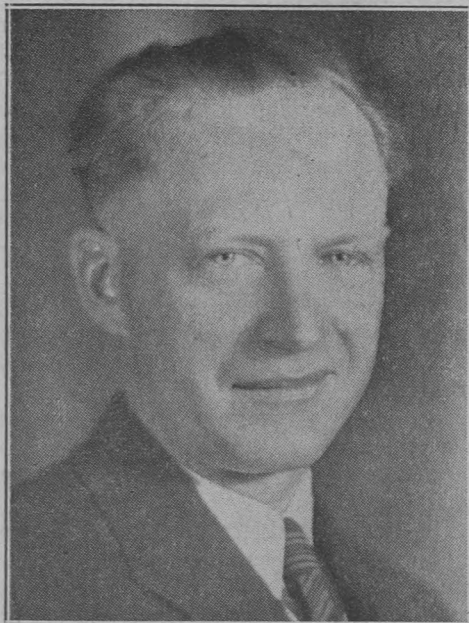
A benediction. During our church services we have two benedictions or blessings. The Apostolic Benediction (II Cor. 13:14) follows the sermon and the Aaronic blessing (Num. 6:26) comes near the close. Let none call these empty forms. Where they are mere form, they have become so simply because the individuals upon whom they are pronounced do not let them grip their hearts. True, they might also become mere form to the pastor who pronounces them, and if so, that is greatly to be regretted. But even so, that does not make the Word of God, which he pronounces, void of power; for the word and blessing are from God, not from man. The pronouncing of the blessing may not always be the best, but disregard the poor pronouncing, and let God's message stir your soul and you will be blessed.

What is the purpose of a benediction? This is the way God has given me to see it: The benediction is but another form in which God's grace is powerfully offered to us. The special emphasis is on the fact that His grace would *abide* with us as we go from the service into affairs of life—from the face of God to face the world. In one sense it is a prayer calling down upon each one the abiding grace of God—a prayer to which the natural response in every seeking heart should be a hearty "amen." But it is more than a prayer—it is a pronouncement giving assurance that God's supply of grace will not vanish but abide throughout the week.

We called the text an Easter Benediction. It reminds you and assures you of the abiding grace won for you by Christ's death and resurrection, and how your after-Easter life should be one of being made "perfect in every good work to do His will." The power to bring this about is not in you, but in the God Who won peace for you through Christ and His cross. This is the God Who would make you thus perfect, and Who would work "in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ." Do we not need to give these words a most earnest consideration? Throughout Lent we meditate on God's love in sending Christ to this world for us. Easter Sunday finds an increased attendance at church. But too often the grace and power of the Easter Message and the rejoicing in a Risen and Living Savior is lost in the spring rush of temporal affairs. The power that brought again Jesus from the dead in order that we might walk in newness of life (Rom. 6:4)—that power finds little abiding place, or working room in our hearts. The after-Easter Christian is often no different from the pre-Easter or pre-Lent Christian. Will not Christ's Name be blasphemed by the world on that account? Will they not say, "Why observe Easter, or where is the power of the Risen Christ of which these Christians speak?" Our after-Easter slumps dishonor God. God's grace was given for spiritual conquests—not for defeats. As we take leave of the Easter season for another year may this His Easter Benediction and Blessing rest over us, assuring us of His presence and ever challenging us to let God have everyday working room in our busy lives:

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

—A. K. H.



Rev. E. O. WALKER

Our New Army Chaplain

In a letter dated April 26th, Pastor Walker writes:

"I have received word that approval has been granted to my appointment as chaplain in the Canadian Army."

Thus our Church is sending out another worker to bring the Word of God to the many who are serving in the Armed Forces. It is our prayer that the Lord will bless Pastor Walker in his new field of work. That he covets our prayers is indicated by this paragraph from the same letter quoted above:

"This will be quite a different field of work for me. But our Lord calls for servants to minister to the men in the armed forces of the nation. I must consider it a privilege to serve my Lord and Saviour there. That I may do this, I request the prayers and intercessions of my friends and the people of our church. The cause is great, and by your prayers we can unite in this great and needful labor."

—V.

Before It Is Too Late

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her,
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait until you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of Love unspent;
For these some hearts are breaking
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—George Bancroft Griffith.

Plans for High School Department at S.L.B.I. materializing.

The plan to add a high school department at S.L.B.I. is rapidly moving forward. Mr. G. Loken of Ryley, Alberta has been engaged as high school teacher. Details of the new course will be announced later.

—GOE



Rev. G. O. EVENSON

Our Mission Work Along The Alaska Highway

Rev. George O. Evenson of Outlook, Sask., will be our missionary on the Alaska Highway from May 1. He will be able to devote the summer months and part of the fall to this work. In October Rev. Evenson has to return to his duties as dean of the Bible Institute at Outlook. It is to be hoped that by that time a suitable man who can continue the work may be found. People of our Church who have relatives and acquaintances on the highway or in connection with the other great war construction that are going on in the northern country, can assist Rev. Evenson in his work by sending the names and addresses of such people to Rev. George O. Evenson, Fort St. John, British Columbia.

—Iver Iversen.

Muskego Boy,

written by Edna and Howard Hong,

Published by Augsburg Publishing House,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

PRICE \$2.00

*

This is indeed an attractive and interesting book. It is handsomely bound, and illustrated with two-color drawings by Lee Mero, a Minneapolis artist.

We follow little Mikkel, Bestemor, his parents, and sisters Karen and Kristi as they emigrated from Drammen, Norway to settle in America. The children had grand visions of this fair country as a place where "you can eat raisins and rock candy all day long".

Bestemor's reluctance to leave the homeland, severance of tender ties, —all is filled with a poignancy deep and heartfelt. Woven into this story we find pictured the hardships endured by the pioneers, privation, illness, and for Bestemor especially, an aching loneliness.

The Church was not forgotten. Before Bestemor closed her eyes in death she said to Mikkel: "I am glad I came to America, for I know that God is with us here too. He has given us a pastor and He will give us a church too. You will see, Mikkel. You will see." She was buried on Indian Hill where the church was later built.

This is a book for the Centennial Anniversary Year. In a vivid and captivating way it brings to the younger generation our rich heritage. The words of the book ring like the strains of a Norwegian Folk-tune.

Albert M. Vinge.

There is neither peace nor joy in our praying if it be detached deliberately from any part of life.

MOTHER'S DAY

Of all the days in the year there is one the memory of which returns to us with unusual tenderness—this is Mother's Day. It is mother who cared for us in infancy, guided us in childhood, and instructed us in how to live a noble, honest and worthwhile life. These things mother has done for us. The question we ought to ask ourselves is: What have we done to repay mother for what she has so generously done for us?

The answer generally given to this question shows a failing on the part of young people to give due consideration for the great service done for them by their mothers. Their answer is usually something like this: My mother is a very kind woman and has done a great deal for me. She cared for me when I was young and did her utmost to give me the best food, clothing, care and company so that I might grow up to be a healthy, natural, pleasant person. This was often accomplished by hours, hard work and sacrifice on her part. To repay her for what she has done for me, I join with others in celebrating Mother's Day, on May 10th each year.

The best reward that a mother can receive is the knowledge that her children have grown up to be healthy, kind, generous, thoughtful young people, ready and willing to take their place in life. This knowledge will do more than anything else to convince her that her effort has been spent for a worth-while purpose. Let us as young people strive to seek the better things in life and live honest, lean, honorable lives. By so doing we will give our mothers the reward they deserve, the knowledge that we are living up to the expectation they have placed in us. Let us not disappoint our mothers. May God bless them everyone!

But this really repay mother for the work and sacrifice she has endured? Devoting one day out of three hundred sixty five is nothing more than a token of esteem in which we hold her, the noblest of women. The actual reward for her service honestly, tenderly, and unselfishly given, must come in another way. —

Celebrating Mother's Day may to some extent repay mother for her love and devotion. But let us go farther in our appreciation. Let us heartily honor our mothers by dealing kindly with them, in act, word, and deed, by giving special attention to their needs and providing them with as many of the joys as possible.

Let us, each one of us, dedicate ourselves more especially this Mother's Day to the creation of a world where every day will be Mother's Day.

Mrs. K. Martin Lowry,
Kingman, Alberta.

Old-Fashioned Mother

By Cleo Pauline Sutherby

She wasn't in for politics,
She never cast a vote,
She simply lived and labored
In a little home remote.
She didn't go to clubs and teas,
Her clothes were not the latest,
But she was happy, knowing well
The things that counted greatest.

Her family was a sailing ship
That must be guided straight,
With skillful hand that faltered not,
Nor found the course too late.
A captain, she, who sought no fame,
Yet served her country well,
Whose mighty deeds of sacrifice
No hero could excel.

But now she's called old-fashioned
By mothers of today,
Who find the greatest joy in life
To be care-free and gay.
But that old sweet love and courage
Seem to me divine,
And all I am I owe to her —
That old-fashioned mother of mine.

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

Organ of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

Editor: Pastor A. M. Vinge, Ryley, Alta.

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A Morning Prayer

I need Thee, Lord;
I need Thee every morning hour;
I need to feel Thy courage, strength and power.

O wasted, without Thee, is any day —
I need Thee, walking with me on the way.
So e'er this day's distracting tasks begin,
Before I bear the world's wild, noisy din,
I listen, Lord, in quiet stillness, till
I know today, for me —
What is Thy will.

Mrs. Clarence T. Nelson.

News from Camrose Lutheran College

Another school year at Camrose Lutheran College is rapidly drawing to a close. The general feeling is that the year has been successful. The total enrollment for the year has been 116. The attendance is somewhat less than that now as a number of the business students have already accepted positions. The demand for stenographers and office secretaries is very great this year.

The Christian Service Group has been very active again this year and the membership has been large. In December we had a series of consecration meetings conducted by Rev. Johnson of Edmonton and in January we had a series of meetings conducted by Rev. C. K. Solberg of Minneapolis.

The spring meeting of the Board of Directors of the Camrose Lutheran College will be held Wednesday May 12 at 3 p.m. The annual meeting of the Board will be held on Wednesday July 7, at 10 a.m. and the annual meeting of the College Association will be held the same day at 1:30 p.m. All of these meetings will be at the College.

The Yorkton Circuit Meeting will be held at Rose Valley, Josef Haave, pastor, June 4—6. Theme: Luke 24:44. First session will begin Friday the 4th at 2:00 p.m. with introduction of the theme by Pastor J. A. Berge. Congregations kindly make arrangement to have delegates attend the meeting. The question of changing the business meeting from the Fall to the Spring is to be voted on. God bless the meeting.

H. L. Urness, president,
A. J. Gubberud, Secretary.

Edmonton Circuit

The Spring meeting will be held, God willing, June 22—23 at Lea Park, Pastor Theodore Berge's parish. The theme: Sanctification." Further details of meeting later.

NEWS ITEMS

Valhalla Luther League, Valhalla Centre, Alta., has sponsored subscriptions to the following church paper for the Library and Reading room of the Military Camp at Grande Prairie, Alta.: "Lutheran Herald," "The Missionary," "The Shepherd" and "Lutheran Voice."

Poor progress on the slippery ice, going one step forward and two steps back. It goes backward when someone doesn't renew.

* * *

God is faithful. God is not what you think He is. God is what He is.

Southern Alberta Circuit

Luther League Rally Day May 15—16 at Granum Lutheran Church, Granum, Alta. Theme: "Living the Victorious Life". I. John 5: 1—5.

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Southern Alberta Circuit Convention, with Ibbestad and Enchant Congregations as co-hosts June 11—13.

*

Southern Alberta Circuit Bible Camp will be held at Leeds Grove near Claresholm, July 7—21.

—R. O.

Rev. J. A. BERGE has resigned his work at Melville and accepted a call to Baker, Montana.

Passing of an Old Timer of Cadogan District

Peder C. Pederson, who has resided with his youngest son, Alfred at Cadogan, passed away at Provost Saturday morning, April 3rd 1943, was buried April fifth, at the Lutheran Cemetery Monday afternoon by Rev. Dr. H. T. Egedahl.

Mr. Pederson was born, at Hof, Norway, November 25th 1859. He was married to Olivia Johnson January 5th 1881. To this union 10 Children were born 2 of whom predeceased him.

He immigrated to the United States in 1883. Came to Canada in 1914, resided on a Homestead for a few years, then moved to town of Cadogan in the spring of 1922. His wife predeceased him in January 1927.

He leaves to mourn his loss 8 Children, Mrs. Madson, Mrs. Hilden, and John in United States. Mrs. Grasdahl of Camrose, Mrs. Peterson of Hayter, Mrs. Horn of Provost, Ole of Cutknife, Sask., and Alfred at home. 32 grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Mr. Pederson was at his death 83 years, 4 months, and 9 days.



Miss Olga Guttormson's
Itinerary in Alberta

Southern Alberta	May	9—14
Viking	"	16
Ryley	"	17—18
Edmonton	"	19
Wetaskiwin	"	20
Camrose	"	21
Morrin	"	23

—V.

"Otter en prøvelse"

I privat brev fra Mrs. T. J. Langley siger hun:— "Som du kanskje allerede ved, faldt pastor Langley ned og knøkket det ene hofte-benet den 11te, Mars, i vaar. Nu ligger han hjelpeløs i Plaster av Paris-kast:— Otter en prøvelse!"

Jeg har hørt folk sagt at der skulde være ikke saa faa troende i Lake Olma. Gud give at med tiden kunde alle menigheder her i Canada faa samme skudsmaal — Dere i Lake Olma faar huske presten deres for bønnens trone. Og vi faar haape det at Vor Herre — Han som hører bønner — gjør ham saapas frisk at han kan fortsette i prestegjerningen. Men det faar nok staa i Herrens Haand.

—Peter E. Nelson.

Kanada Norsk Lutherske Indermissions Forbund er indbundet at avholde sit aarsmøte i Concordia Menighet ved Ordale, Sask., den 17—20 juni, 1943.

Mødet begynder kl. 2 Torsdag. Forretningsmøte kl. 10 lørdag formiddag. Talere, Pastor K. Heggstad, og Kaspar Knutson. Vi venter at mange andre ogsaa kommer og deltar i møtet. Bed for møtet, og kom og ver med.

Tobias Berge
Lars Njaa.

SYTTENDE MAI TALE
AV LUDVIG HOPE

Den norsk-lutherske Kirke i Oak Park, som har Plads for mere end Tusen Mennesker, var fuldpakket ved Ungdoms-Forbundets Fest paa Norges Frihedsdag. Talen for Dagen blev holdt av Evangelist Ludvig Hope og var saalydende:

Naar eg er vorte beden om aa tala her i Chicago idag den 17de mai so er det vel rimelig aa tru at de har gjort det av den grunn at de vil eg skal tala om mitt og dykkar fædreland.

De har vel ogso den tru at eg som har liva i Norig i 60—70 aar og som dertil ogso har reist runt i dette land snart 50 aar — fraa Nordkap til Lindesnes, og "fraa grens og ut til det drivande garn" at eg ogso skulde ha litegrann aa segja om dette land og dette folk, der langt oppe i nord.

No — om landet og folket kan eg ikkje segja naako her idag, men om eg ikkje er dreven i den konst aa halda 17de mai-talar, so vil eg dog prøva aa bera fram nokre ord, og det eg kom til aa tækja paa var nettopp dette forunderlige mystiske og mektige ord "fædreland!"

Av alt det som hysest i menneskje sin hug og haatt, i sjel og aand har fædrelandet ein stor plass, og har ei forunderlig makt i vaart liv.

Det er sovist ikkje naako som berre me nordmenn bær i vaart bryst. Det er tvertom naako som alle menneskje eig som naako av sitt livs dyraste skat. Og det er ogso so fast samangrod med alt i oss og om oss, at det er eit stort stykkje av vaart liv.

Det er so samansveisa og fastgrod i vaar natur at, naar det røyner paa er det lettare aa ofra livet enn fædrelandet.

Naar internasjonisten ropar: Bort med fædrelandet, me skal alle vera kammeratar so høyrest det bra ut, men aa faa det til i praksis, det er verre.

Med det same ein rulla over den polske grense inn i Rusland og stig innom døra paa tollstasjonen so vert ein var naako som er skreve med store bokstavar paa veggerne, paa mange sprog, og det som staar skreve lyder so:

"Proletarer i alle land slutt dykk samen!"

So staar det skreve paa veggen; men inne i landet staar millioner under vaapen for aa vera budde til aa forsvare sitt fædreland.

Naar fieden nerma seg grensa til fædrelandet daa tagnar "internasjonalen" — daa er det fædrelandet; og so tek ein børsa paa oxsla aa gaar for aa settja livet inn for fædrelandet.

Det politiske parti i Norig som no har makta i landet, har ned gjennom aara røysta imot alt som har med militært forsvaret aa gjera. No røysta det ikkje berre for det vanlige busjett til vaart forsvaret, men kjem med krav om tillegg paa 50 millionar krone. Dei tek til aa attast for at fædrelandet er i faare og so syng ogso dei:

"Ja, vi elsker dette landet som det stiger frem."

og tiger med internasjonalen.

Soleis talar livet naar det røyne paa i sporgsmaal om fædrelandet! —

Eg har ein god ven heima i Norig. Det er ømse ting me er usamde om, millom anno ogso om militærspurgsmaalet. Han var, og kanskje ogso endaa er anti-militær, og nekta derfor ogso aa eksisera aa utdanast som soldat.

So var det i 1905 — netop i dei mest kriteske dagar, daa møttest me i Bergen. Eg hadde netopp faat melding om at eg maatte halda meg ferdig for aa gaa mot grensa. Eg hadde — so langt eg rakk — sendt mat heim til familjen, og ogso vore aa sett paa eit godt par sko som eg vilde kjøpa om det bar avsted. Som sagt, nettopp daa møttest me paa "Engen" i Bergen. Etter me hadde tala saman ei stund og skulde til aa be farvel drista eg meg til aa segja:

Om eg no maa gaa til grensa, og om eg ikkje skulde koma att derifraa, trur du du kunne retkja ei hjelpande hand til mine eino i Hardanger om det maatte trengjast?

Han svara: Hope, det skal eg lova deg, og tok meg fast i handa mens vaare auge duggast.

Men so la han til:

Eg kjem etter eg ogso!

So drukna anti-militærismen i fædrelands-kjærligheten der ogso.

Soleis talar teori og praksis!

Daa gamle Jakob laag for døden nede i Egyptar-Land daa sende han bud paa Josef — sonen sin — og so sa han til ham daa han kom:

Kjære deg, held du aldrig so lite av meg so legg handa di i fanget mitt, og lova meg at du vil vera so snild og trugen mod meg

og ikkje gravleggja meg i Ægyptar-Landet. Lat meg faa kvila hjaa mine fædre! — Før meg bort fraa Ægyptar-Landet og gravlegg meg i mine fædres grav!

Der ligg Sara, der ligg Abraham, Isak og Rebekka og der ligg Lea!

Daa svara Josef: Eg skal gjera som du segjer! Gjiv liden paa dette, sa gamle Jakob.

So gjorde Josef liden paa aa gravleggja sin far i hans fædreland, og Israel lute seg over hovudgjerdet sitt og bad. 1 Mosb. 47, 29—31.

Naar bøna var slut sa Jakob til Josef: No lyt eg døy, men Gud skal vera med dykk og følgja dykk attende til landet aat dykkar fædre.

Daa so Josef fekk sit dødsbodskap, daa tok ogso han israelssonerne i eid og sa:

"Naar Gud kjem aa hentar dykk, daa skal de ta beina mine med herifraa!"

Naar dei so fik bod om aa fara heimat tok dei beina av Josef med seg og drog dei gjennom hav og over land i 40 aar, for aa gravleggja dei i fædrelandet.

Ein av dei største menn som naakon tid har leva, han vilde ha sine bei gravlagd i det land han var fødd og der han som ung-gut hadde jæta sau og jeit, ku og kalv.

Er det ikkje akvert likeins den dag idag?

Kor mange er det ikkje i dette land som har det som sitt største ynskje aa faa seg ei grav millom dei norske fjordar og fjell!

Personlig vil eg vedstaa at eg bad Gud mange ganger, mens eg var i Asia om han vilde gi meg aa koma heimatt til Norig, aa gi meg aa faa kvila meg millom vaare fædre.

Eg vil vera so fri aa sitera her kva eg skreiv i mi bok der ute i Asia spurgsmaalet om mitt fædreland:

"Naar eg no set her i Asia aa skriv, vil eg vera so fri aa festa det vitnemaal ned paa paperet, at eg elsker mitt folk og mitt land, og eg tore ogso segja at denne kjæleik har vokse med aara. Landet er fagert. Det er fylt av poesi og song og det er høygt be-naada av Gud.

Og korfor skal eg ikkje vedstaa det, at eg so gjerne vilde sjaa det att og faa mi grav millom mine fædre!

Det var ogso hjaa deg eg fann fram ti mor; og eg fikk det ogso i den største og beste tid i mitt folks liv.

Det var ogso hjaa deg eg fann fram till samfund med Gud og vart kaara til aa bera orde om Guds rike til mitt folk.

Hjaa deg vil eg ogso so gjerne faa sovne i fred!"

For naakre dagar attende fik eg ein lapp fraa ein kjend nordmann her i lande. Han skriv millom anna:

"Om du kjem til Lesjaskogen so maa du helse han Jonas, bror min, og søsterne mine. So fe du helsa "Skogvante" — skogen og fjella.

Aa, kor eg skulde likt aa sett att disse kjende plasser, men det fe eg nok aldrig. For meg er reisa snart slut. Eg er no 76 aar!"

Men kor ligg grunnen og rota til denne elsk til eit vist stykkje jord?

Er det ikkje lettare aa leva her enn i Norig? Det har i all fall vore det før.

Er det naako betre jord aa gravleggjast i i Jødeland enn i Ægypt og i Norig enn i Amerika helde andre stader paa jorda?

Kva er det for naako som kjem inn i blodet paa oss dette som heiter fædre-lands-kjærlig?

Det første of det største svar det er igrunnen lett aa finna.

Kva svar er det?

Det var der ho mor var, helde det er der ho er. — Denne forunderlige kvinna som bar oss under sitt hjarta.

Ho som gav oss livet.

Ho som tok oss i sine armar og som gav oss mat og drikka av sitt eige liv!

Ho som beeikna naar me raudma.

Ho som knæla ved vogga og rugja henne naar alle andre søv.

Ho som sang oss i søvn.

Ho som drog barnefingrane samen og lærde oss: "Fader vaar!"

Ho som trødde rokkejulet ved morgon og kveld so me skulde faa klæder paa kroppen og nytt til jol.

Ho som blæs varme i vaare frosne fingar og turka taara.

Ho som aldrig streika, som aldrig bad om 8 timars arbeidsdag og som ikkje bad om naako annar løn enn aa faa slita seg ut for oss.

Ho mor!

Ho er og ho var og vil verta hjarta og pulsslaget i all sann fædre-lands-kjærlig.

Ho mor!

Men det er meir enn ho mor. Det er ogso han far — han som sleit paa stein og torv, i skog og mark, i fiskarbaat og i den brattaste lid. Far, som slengde sine armar (Fortsat paa side 3, tredie spalte)

Following news items from the Home:

Mr. John Thompson came to the Home, from Kinistino, Sask., in March.

We enjoyed a pleasant visit of the following Pastors and their wives one afternoon in the later part of February: Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Rev. and Mrs. Erick Haave, Rev. Solheim and Rev. C. K. Solberg.

Rev. Solberg conducted meetings at the Home during his visit. The Board Charities met at the Home March 2nd, Dr. Iversen conducted services in the evening after the Board meeting.

Sincerely yours,
Sister Marie Weiks.

GIFTS IN CASH.

BAWLf, ALTA.— Rev. John Tangberg, in memory of Bobby Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnson, of Weldon, Sask. \$4.00. Rev. Johnson in memory of Mrs. Sarah Skolos, of The Bethany Home, Bawlf \$2.00. Luther League, Rev. A. K. Odland Pastor to the Building Fund \$5.00. Sister Marie Weiks in memory of Miss Clara Hansen of Fort Dodge, Iowa \$5.00.

BUCHANAN, SASK.— Mrs. M. I. Berg to Building Fund \$5.00.

CAMROSE, ALTA.— Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Olson and family in memory of Mr. Martin \$5.00. Mr. Garielson and family in memory of Mrs. Gabrielson \$2.00.

CEREAL, ALTA.— Sørør Congregation, Rev. C. L. Jøthen Pastor \$6.75.

CROOKED RIVER, SASK.— Rev. E. O. Walker in memory of Mr. Carl Stensrud \$1.00. Helping Hand Ladies Aid \$5.00.

CLASHMOOR, SASK.— Rev. E. O. Walker Pastor, Crooked River Ladies Aid \$5.00.

DAHLTON, SASK.— Kitaka Ladies Aid, Rev. Nelson Pastor in memory of Mrs. Sarah Skolos \$5.00.

DOD'S, ALTA.— Dod's Red Cross Aux. and friends of Dod's and Ryley in memory of Mr. Bernhard M. Helgeland sent in by Rev. A. M. Vinge \$3.00.

DONALDA, ALTA.— In memory of Mr. J. Vikse from: Mr. and Mrs. Mike Stolee and David \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. C. Vikse \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Hagen and family \$1.00; Mr. O. E. and August Olson \$1.00, and from Bethany Ladies Aid to the Building Fund \$10.00. In memory of Mr. N. O. Edenloff from: Mr. J. Hagen and family \$1.00; Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Haave \$2.00; Mr. E. O. Olson \$1.00.

EDMONTON, ALTA.— Central Luth. Church, Rev. M. S. Johnson Pastor, in memory Hans Simonson (Charter Memb.) \$2.00.

EDBERG, ALTA.— Rose Bush Ladies Aid, Rev. E. Havve Pastor (Building Fund) \$20.00. Ferry Point and Rose Bush Friends in memory Hans J. Olson \$6.50.

ENCHANT, ALTA.— Mrs. H. Otten- sen and family, in memory Mr. P. K. Johnson of Grannum \$2.00. Ibbestad Ladies Aid R. Olsin Pastor, Birthday fund \$13.65.

HOLDEN, ALTA.— In memory of Mrs. Emelie Koltke from the following friends: Mrs. Ragnild Hagerud, Mr. and Mrs. H. Huseby, Lily Christianson, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Logen, Even Olson, D. Bragstad, Louis Ritland, and Mrs. Arntson \$6.25.

HAY LAKES, ALTA.— Mrs. O. Skaret and Children in memory of Husband and Dad Mr. O. Skaret \$8.00. Mrs. Wm. Boyd in memory of Mrs. Stenerson of Ryley. 50c.

HOLDEN, ALTA.— Mr. and Mrs. Neils Neilson in memory Mrs. Stenerson \$2.00.

LOUGHEED, ALTA.— Mr. R. Bergseth sent in by Rev. J. Stolee \$5.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.— Rev. J. J. Aakre \$10.00.

NEW NORWAY, ALTA.— In memory of Mrs. Ella Olstad from: New Norway Ladies Aid \$3.00; Mrs. O. Haukeda and Gorden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lundber Oris, Willard and Robert \$3.00; Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Johnson \$1.00. Sent in by Rev. H. G. deLeeuw.

ROBIN HOOD, SASK.— Zion Ladies Aid, Rev. J. Precht, Pastor \$2.00.

ROSE VALLEY, SASK.— Mr. and Mrs. Iver Skogstad and son \$1.00.

SEXSMITH, ALTA.— Norden Ladies Aid, Rev. T. Nordmark Pastor \$25.00.

STARBUCK MAN.— Bethany Ladies Aid, Rev. M. Aandahl Pastor, in memory Gundor Lofto (Charter Memb.) of Congregation \$5.00.

TORQUAY, SASK.— Lacqui. Parle Ladies Aid, Rev. A. K. Haugen, Pastor \$5.00; Mr. Steinar Knutson in memory of Mrs. Bror Anderson \$1.00.

TRONHEIM, ALTA.— Rev. A. M. Vinge Pastor, Trondheim Laides Aid \$5.00.

TOFIELD, ALTA.— In memory of Martin Eide, Bardo, Alta., from friends in Bardo \$14.50.

Friends of Israel

During my student days when preparing for Christian work I felt called to prepare for the Jewish Mission Field, and looked forward to this work in the cineyard of our Lord. However, taking a course in school does not always prepare us, and so the Lord keeps us in His school in other ways until His own time.

This summer, however, we felt the time had come and as we began to follow the leading of the Lord that conviction was more and more confirmed. By visiting some of the cities and making observations we were led to come to Edmonton.

In this city there is a population of approximately 2000 Jews. They are linked up with their race who today are going through untold miseries so gruesome that we could think all hell was let loose on earth. This condition among our Jewish neighbors has awakened the true christians and many are praying for Israel. This unhappy people is in need of the message of love, hope and redemption. A Christian Jew writes thus: "We have had for nineteen years the gospel of hate offered us by nominal Christendom. Now the time is ripe for the true believers to introduce us to the evangel of brotherly love, and to Him who to this hour is still the stranger of Galilee 'to us.'"

Arriving here November 7th, 1942, on December 15th the family also arrived. In January, but the gifts of friends and interested Christians we were able to open a little center here on first street. We call our Mission "Friends of Israel". That appeals to the Jews. When they ask us what church we represent, we merely say, "We represent Christians who desire to be known as the Friends of Israel. One day I was questioned as to what church I belonged to when I informed him that I belonged to the Lutheran Church he said: "There you see". To him all the churches were alike and he had no desire to speak to me.

We feel the need of the support of Christian people, and your fellowship is of wonderful strength and comfort to us. In ourselves we are entirely helpless, but we walk by faith and not by sight and we know it is God's purpose to redeem Israel. The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. It is wonderful to see the light break in upon the Jewish mind.

"Ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers take ye no rest, and give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise to the earth." Isaiah 62: 6-7.

K. O. Stensland,

No. 6 Bradburn & Thomson Block,
Edmonton, Alberta.

To Our Friends at Camrose

It is with much thanksgiving to God we acknowledge a gift of \$85.25 to Jewish Missions. To all who contributed kindly receive our personal thanks.

God's ways are past finding out. He has ways and mean we know not. As God spoke to Moses, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah."

Thanks to brother Lars Roen and T. Rudd for your part in this. May God bless you all.

On behalf of "Friends of Israel"

Rev. K. O. Stensland,
10160-101st St., Edmonton, Alta.

VICCOUNT, SASK.— St. Johns N. L. Ladies Aid \$5.00.

VIKING, ALTA.— In memory of Mr. Alfred Boraas from: Mr. Ole Benson and Burton \$2.00; Mrs. Orbeck and Inga \$1; Mr. and Mrs. T. Erickson \$2.00; Mrs. T. Sorenson and family \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Ole Sorenson and family \$2.00; Mr. Lars Wollen and family \$1.50; Mr. and Mrs. Garthee \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Ole Kjelland \$1.00; Mr. Ole Thengs 50c.

Gifts in Natura

ADMIRAL, SASK.— North Immanuel Junior L.D.R. Rev. Amund Tveit, Pastor: 1 Quilt, 1 Cushion, 3 mats, 3 pot holders 20 small seveittes, 2 Hankies.

BAWLf, ALTA.— Mr. and Mrs. Harold Olson, A large amount of Meat. Mrs. Albert Peterson 2 Gals. of Cream. Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Eggen 1 pair flannelette Sheets.

IRMA ALTA.— Sharon Ladies Aid, Rev. J. B. Stolee Pastor. 8 cans of canned fruit, 1 bath towel, 3 pices of toilet soap, 2 bath towels, 1 pair wollen socks.

Yellow Roses.

From the Sunday School Paper, *The Children's Friend*, May 23, 1937.

A florist writes in the American Magazine about flowers and buyers. He concludes as follows:

The largest order for flowers I ever had was for a recent wedding: 30,000 blossoms, including 12,000 peonies and several hundred orchids. But the order that stirred me most was a dozen yellow roses that I sold some years ago. Two boys and a girl came in one afternoon. They were about ten, ragged, but with clean faces and hands. The boys took off their caps, and one stepped forward and said solemnly, "We're the committee and we'd like some very nice yellow flowers."

I showed them some inexpensive spring flowers, and the boy said, "I think we'd like something better than that." "Do they have to be yellow?" "Yes, sir," the boy said. "You see, Mister Mickey would like 'em better if they was yellow. He had a yellow sweater." I asked quietly, "Are they for a funeral?" The boy nodded. The girl was trying hard to keep back the tears. "She's his sister," the boy said. "He was a good kid. A truck—yesterday—we was playin' in the street. We saw it happen...." His lips were trembling.

The other boy said, "Us kids took up a collection. We got eighteen cents. Would—roses cost an awful lot, Mister? Yellow roses?" "I have some nice yellow roses here," I said, "that I'm selling for eighteen cents a dozen." I showed them to the committee. "Oh, those will be swell," said one of the boys. "Mickey'd like those," the other boy confirmed. "I'll make up a nice spray," I said, "with ferns and a ribbon. Where shall I send it?" One of the boys said, "Would it be all-right Mister, if we took 'em? We'd kinda like to—you know, take 'em over and—sort of give 'em to Mickey—ourselves. He'd like it better that way." So I accepted the eighteen cents, and the committee, with the kind of flowers Mickey would like, trudged out of the store. I felt uplifted for days. Unknown to them, I had a part in their tribute to their friend.

OBITUARY

Paul Eugene, the infant son of Pastor and Mrs. Philip G. Hanson, was born March 19th, 1943 at 9:30 a.m. in Calgary, Alta. He was baptized the day of his birth in the name of the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The day following, March 20th at 2:20 p.m. the Lord Jesus came and took him unto Himself. He leaves to feel the loss of his departure his parents; grandparents Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Hanson, Fergus Falls, Minnesota, also several uncles and aunts and friends.

Funeral services were held at the Trinity Lutheran church on Monday March 22nd at 1:30 p.m. Rev. Raymond Olson officiating. The songs, "Safe in the arms of Jesus", and "Does Jesus care", were sung by Mrs. Harry Krantz and Mr. Tancred Lyseng. Pastor Hanson the father of the departed son also brought a greeting. Burial was in Quenn's Park cemetery.

We prayed for you our dear little child,
We looked forward with joy to the day
When you would come with us to abide,
And serve the Saviour all the way.

We longed to have you stay with us,
But when the Saviour said, "Come home to Me";

We would not say no, for He loved you so,
And what He wills is best for thee.

So thank you Lord for the gift you gave,
We thank you, Paul's soul you did save;
Baptized in your name, his sins washed away,
His name is in the Lamb's Book of Life.

We look forward to the day of our Saviour's return,

When re-united again we shall be;
In our Father's house, in the place prepared,
To sing praises Lord Jesus to Thee.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job 1:21.

Did you know that noone with Mar. 42 or June 42 on their address label is getting Hyrden now?

Malta's Top-Notch Airman

His name is George Frederick "Buzz" Beurling. He comes from Verdun, Que. He is twenty years of age. He has shot down twenty-nine planes over Malta, totaling four on two separate days. He is a Canadian of Swedish origin on both sides of the family.

Unfortunately he met with an accident near Gibraltar while returning home on leave. The plane on which he was a passenger crashed and he was injured. A letter to his mother, who, like most mothers, has moments of anxiety, according to Ronald Williams, contained the following:

"Well, mum, let me put you at ease now. I don't smoke and don't drink and I don't swear either. You know when I was a youngster—not that I'm not one now—you advised me not to indulge in any of those habits. You're training of me couldn't have been any better. You always said I'd thank you some day and my only regret is I've not thanked you sooner. Not only for bringing me to such clean living physically and mentally, but for what you could say, almost literally saving my life. I'll explain. In this game, split seconds count and if it hadn't been for your training, I probably wouldn't be here, but I am and will continue to stay here until I come home. Smoking and drinking, etc., slows up your mind and reactions are bound to be slower. I've got my own ideas about fighting."

—Temperance Advocate.

Church Envelope Saves Trip To Jail

A family automobile was rolling along a New York boulevard on the first Sunday after the pleasure-driving ban went into effect in that area.

"Pull over," warned the policeman. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked the driver.

"To church, of course; to the Oceanside Lutheran Church." Driving to church has been rated as essential, not luxury driving, by government order.

But how could the driver prove he was going to church? He pulled out his offering envelope, bearing name of church and date. That was sufficient. "Drive on," the policeman said.

The ban on pleasure driving has boosted church attendance in many localities, according to early reports. In the rural areas of Berks County, strong Lutheran territory, increases rander from 25 to 100 per cent.

"Going to church is about the only purpose for which people can use their cars," some of the pastors explained.

—The Lutheran.

Thoughts by the Way

It is reported that Mrs. C. D. Howe, wife of the Canadian Minister of Munitions and Supply, has expressed herself as being opposed to teas and other "wasteful" methods of raising money for the war services, saying: "Such entertainment is unnecessary. It costs money which should not be spent. We should be satisfied to give to war work without getting something to eat on the side." There are those who believe that money for church funds should be raised without benefit of fowl supper, teas, bazaars or amateur theatricals. Some have figured out to the last penny just what would be the cost per person to finance a church organization for the year, by voluntary subscription. But have they been able to sell the idea to the average family? A great many people wax sentimental over church suppers where town and country "visit" over the cold sliced chicken, fluffy mashed potatoes, cold slaw, tomato jelly, spiced peaches, apple or pumpkin pie. And, yet, in stark cold figures, it can be proved that it would have been a lot less work and the women would have been money in pocket if they had made a stipulated cash donation.

Josef has a black book containing the names of 581 people who used to have Hyrden these past seven years, but didn't renew.

* * *

"It is not what some call 'a new leap' that is needed, but a New Life."

* * *

Surrender is not a giving up of many things, but a turning of one person over to the control of another Person.

OUR CHURCH AND THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

A LUMBER-JACK PASTOR
Iver Iversen

Dawson Creek, B. C., five hundred miles northwest from Edmonton, is the end of the railway in this part of the world. It is also the starting point of the new Alaska Highway. One travels all night through large, primeval forests. Suddenly the country opens up into a beautiful parkland with smiling farms and fine buildings. For there is no shortage of lumber in these parts. Any resident may cut the logs he needs in the public forests by paying the stumpage tax.

This is the famous Peace River Country situated along the mighty Peace, the Big Smoky, and other large rivers. The natives speak of their country as the "End of the World." And that is literally what it is. When talking about travel, they speak only about "going in" or "going out", for the only connection with the outside world is a long and bumpy railroad through the wilderness to Edmonton and a highway to the same point that becomes impassable when it rains, which happens quite frequently in this section.

Here is where the champion wheat-growers of North America live. Here they raise one to two hundred bushels of oats to the acre. It is far to the north and the season is short, but things grow in a phenomenal way. The most prolific vegetable and flower gardens the writer has seen were in Dawson Creek.

Our church has four pastors, eight congregations, and thirteen preaching places in this section. The pioneer work was done by one of the veteran missionaries of our church, Dr. H. N. Ronning, who still lives there on his fine farm by Valhalla Centre, Alta.

* * *

At Dawson Creek, B. C., the work was begun ten years ago by the Rev. A. K. Haugen. The little congregation has a fine church, built by the aid of Church Extension money, now practically paid for. Its beautiful steeple surmounted by the cross greets the traveller as he enters the town from the west. The present pastor is the Rev. F. M. Aasheim. Besides Dawson Creek he covers a large territory in British Columbia and Alberta.

The first important point on the Alaska Highway north of Dawson Creek and north of the Peace River is Fort St. John. It is a Hudson's Bay post. The settlement had scarcely more than a dozen buildings when the writer visited the place four years ago. Now it has become a thriving and populous center with a large number of Americans and Canadians.

Fort St. John is situated in a country of beautiful and fertile valleys bordered by forest-clad ridges, where the warm chinooks from the Pacific moderate the climate. The country is strikingly like Norway. No wonder that many of our people have found their homes in these valleys and hills.

Some have come directly from Norway. Others have come from older settlements in Alberta. To the north of the Peace River Block there is a vast stretch of territory extending into the Yukon and Alaska, very rich in mineral resources and with tremendous forest reserves, waiting for development. This development has become, not only possible, but certain, through the advent of highway and air transportation.

Most of the people who are there now in connection with highway construction and war activities will, of course, ultimately return. But some are likely to stay, attracted by the resources and the beauty of the country. A large immigration from Europe to Canada is expected after the war. This is the country where the bulk of the immigrants are going to settle, for it offers better living conditions and more opportunities than any other undeveloped section on this continent. It is our new frontier. The saga of this country is not going to be another tale of lost opportunities for our church. The mission committee of the Canada District has its eyes upon it. The committee is looking for a younger, red-blooded man with the spirit of venture, who will go up and work on the Alaska Highway.

* * *

Work was begun around Fort St. John in 1935 by the Rev. K. A. Knutson. In 1938 a small log church was dedicated at Montenev. It was this church that appeared in the illustrated booklet published

by our Board of Home Missions. Lots are now bought in Fort St. John for church and parsonage. The present pastor is the Rev. P. Ellingson. He is seventy-four years old and still at work, since we have been unable to secure a younger man to take his place. He often travels twenty-five miles on foot to meet an appointment, or he rides in an open mail truck when the temperature is forty degrees below zero. The race of hardy pioneer pastors who have only one aim in life, the extension of the kingdom of Christ, is not yet extinct. May God raise up some more of them.

Pastor Ellingson never had the opportunity to get much formal education. He calls himself a "skogtroll." But he has much education that is useful for a frontier pastor. Among other things he used to own and run a saw-mill and operated a timber-lease. At the time we write he is in the woods to cut and "snake out" logs for the church and parsonage at Fort St. John. A pastor turning lumber-jack at the age of seventy-four! Why not?

Do any of the readers of the Shepherd know of a large tent that could be used for Bible Camp purposes in Yorkton Circuit for the week July 19th — 26th? Please communicate with Josef B. Haave, Rose Valley, Sask. It is urgent.

Foreldre som gjør alt selv for sine barn og derved undlater aa lære dem aa opfylle plikter, forsømmer minst halvdelen av kjærlighetens tjeneste. De lærer nemlig barna til aa ta imot kjærlighet, men ikke til selv aa gi den. Livet senere fordrer plikter av barna, som paa ovennevnte maate ikke har lært pliktopfyllelse. Livet er en meget haarde lærer enn hjemmet, som paa kjærlighetens ekte vis skulde forberede for livets tjeneste.

Norges kyrkjeklokker

Norske kirkeklokker blir i disse dager samlet in for aa støpes om til tske kanoner.

Av Sigmund Skar

No blir det stilt i Norge, endaa meir stilt enn før. Døy skal den lyse klokkeklang som ljoma for kvar manns dør.

Domen paa torget taganr og gløymer sitt malmtunge rop. Inga signande helsing meir skal trøysta den trøytt hop.

Maallaus ligg kyrkja i dalen under dei mørke skar. Skogen susar sin gamle song, men faar ikje lenger svar.

Kyrkja paa nakne neset med vegger av væslitne bord skal missa sin fatige bjøllelaat som kima saa fjaagt ifjor.

Fred var det klokkene song om, fred fraa angst og fare. Død skal klokkene ringja no, død over vaart og vaare, —

død over dei som strir for oss, vener og son og bror, død over alt vi elsker paa vaar forneda jord.

Stilt skal det bli i Norge, stilt ved fjord og i dalar. Men alt som har liv og ande hører at stilla talar.

Vinden sopar den siste klang bort over aude fjell Men kvar som har øyro, hører at klokkene ringer lell, —

hører som før i dei tome taarn vigde malmane svinga, hører djupt i sitt eige hjarta døde klokkene klinga:

"Staa trykt, hald fast, alle som sukka stilt! Det som har levt i reine sinn, skal aldri bli forspilt.

Ha mod, hald ut, de som har allting mist! Vetlaus og vill er denne natt, men dagen gryr til sist.

Ver logen, ha trøyst, alle som kjemper enn! For alt som idag er utan røyst skal faa mæle og liv igjen."

BARNEDAAPEN

Har Den Fast Grunn I Bibelen og I Den Eldste Kirkehistorie?

H. Arnholt Strand

HVORFOR TA FRAM ET STRIDS-SPØRSMÅL SOM BARNEDAAPEN IGJEN?

Dette spørsmål vil sikkert noen stille som de leser overskriften over denne artikkelserie. Naar vi i Johs. ev. kap. 17 leser Jesu bønn: At de alle maa være ett! kjenner vi ikke da umiddelbart hjertesaarheten hos Jeesus over at Guds folk staa saa opdelt i de store lærespørsmål? Er det ikke farlig, siden vi erkjenner de guddommelige ting bare stykkevis, for et menneske aa hevde den guddommelige autoritet? Og er det ikke netop det som har ført til lærstridigheter, kirkedannelser og sekter? Burde vi ikke heller være saa tolerant at vi taalte alt og tidde stille med vaare "særmeninger"?

Den norske professor Lyder Brun skrev for noen aar siden i dagbladet "Dagen" Bergen, et par artikler om egenrettferdigheten og dens overvinneelse. Han hevdet at naar vi har hatt saa mye av kirkestrid og mangel paa kristelig aand, saa skyldes det *lærefanatisme* og *lærefariseisme*. Vi kan saa godt være enig med professor Brun at der er noe som heter lærefariseisme. Den kalles ogsaa "død ortodoksi." Men—der finnes ogsaa noe som maa kjenetegnes som en levende og sann hjerteopriktig omsorg og nidkjerhet for hva Guds ord lærer. I det Nye Testamente finner vi mange uttalelser om at omsorgen for den rene lære hører med i billedet av sund og normal kristendom. Og derfor maa vi ogsaa vente aa finne denne omsorg og nidkjerhet for læren til enhver tid hvor der eksisterer *normal kristendom* — hvis Bibelen skal være normen for hva *normal kristendom* er. Men selvfølgelig: fra et human eller menneskelig synspunkt blir det stadig hevdet som helt opplagt at det eneste konsekvente er en gjennomført toleranse overfor annerledes tenkende-siden vi kristne bare kjenner den guddommelige sannhet stykkevis. Men trekker Bibelen denne konsekvens av vaar glimtvis erkjennelse? NEI! Den sier tvertimot f.eks.flg.: "Der som noen kommer til eder og ikke fører denne lære, da ta ikke imot ham i eders hus, og by ham ikke velkommen." (2 Johs. v. 10) Kristendommen er noe helt kvalitativt annet enn en blott og bar livsanskuelse. Og saa blir det et anstøtende paradoks i menneskelig henseende at vi i kjærlighetens toleranse overfor hverandre, *ikke skal taale alt i Jesu navn*. Over vaare personer og personlige interesser skal vi taale *alt*, men ikke skal vi taale alt overfor Bibelen og over Jesus. Her gjelder det likefrem vaare sjeles evige velferd. Derfor er det ikke likegyldig hva som sies og skrives om disse ting. Det er slett ikke bare spørsmål om den teoretiske utforming av et livssyn.

Sant nok: kristendommens ideal er nabofred, kirkefred, menneskefred, men ikke paa et hvilketsomhelst grunnlag og for enhver pris. Hadde det vært saa, da hadde ikke Paulus ført sin kamp mot judaistene, Ignatius ikke mot gnostikene, Augustin ikke mot Pelagius, Luther ikke mot Erasmus. Og da hadde det heller ikke vært det minste rom for en begrunnelse kristelig sett av aa kjempe mot falsk lære idag. Vi har plikt til aa holde sannhetens lys klart og brennende om det enn koster for eget kjøtt og blod. For det er frelsen i Jesus Kristus det dreier seg om og veien han har vist oss til aa opnaa den.

I. Er Frelsen i Kristus Nødvendig For Alle?

Klart og tydelig lærer Guds ord at *frelsen er for alle*. Gud vil at "alle mennesker skal bli frelst og komme til sannhets erkjennelse." (1 Tim. 2:4) Derfor ble Jesus, Frelseren gitt til verden (Johs. 3:16). Bibelen lærer med den samme klarhet at alle mennesker nødvendigvis trenger frelsen i Kristus. for "...synden kom inn i verden ved ett menneske, og døden ved synden, og døden saaledes trengte igjennem til alle mennesker, fordi de syndet alle" (Rom. 5:12) Bibelen lærer ogsaa at ARVESYNDEN som barna fødes med er fordømmelig. Hos barnedaapens motstandere er dette punkt ganske uklart. "Av naturen" er alle mennesker "vredens barn" sier Guds ord (Efes. 2:3). Dette uttrykk: "av naturen" betyr; slik som vi er fra fødselen. Og "vredens barn" betyr at vi er under Guds vrede og dom. "Det som er født av kjødet, er kjød" (Johs. 3:6a) Men hvad sier baptistene? Noe helt annet: "Og

Et godt svar

Dr. Dixon talte engang i Moody kirken om Jonas i fiskens buk. En journalist var sendt ned for at referere ham. I prækenen sa Dixon: "Jeg ikke bare tror at Gud kunde bevare Jonas ilive i Isken. Men jeg tror at om Gud ønsket det kunde han ha gjort det meget komfortabelt for ham med fine værelser og bad." — Dagen efter kom referenten til Dixon; han hadde med en tegning av fiskens buk med fint interiør, seng og bad osv. Saa spurte han om det var slik Dixon tænkte sig det. Vel, sa Dixon, saa nøie har jeg ikke tænkt over det, men jeg synes det er bra. Vel, sa referenten, men si mig nu, Dixon, "Tror du virkelig paa dette her?" Dixon svarte: "Jeg trodde det igaar, og nu tror jeg det endda mer. For naar du kunde lage tegning, saa maa da min Gud være istand til at bygge efter den."

Mrs. OSCAR MOSSING

Det sørgelige budskap kom til os onsdag mars den 24 at Mrs. Oscar Mossing var død. Dett budskap kam saa uventende; det var haardt at tro at det var en virkelighet. Lørdag den 20de mars reiste hun til byen Viceroy. Paa hjemreisen blev hun rammet av et slag. Hun blev tat til hospitalet der i byen, og alt som kundes blev gjort men forgjæves. Enden var kommen. Ja, saa usikkert er vort liv. Vi mindes salmistens bøn: "Lad mig vite, Herre, min ende".

Vi hadde ønsket det anderledes. For os synes hun at være saa unværlig, baade i hjemmet og i menighet's arbeidet. Dog siger Herren "Mine tanker er ikke eders tanker, og mine veie ikke eders veie". Jesus siger: "Hvad Jeg gjøre forstaar du ikke nu, men du skal skjønne det siden".

Hun var en sand kristen, med særegne evner at vinde sine medmennesker's tillid og kjærlighet. For hende var at "leve Kristus". Derfor vil hun bli storlig savnet, ikke bare som trofast hustru og kjær mor, men ogsaa som en tro arbeider i Guds menighet og kirke paa jord. Missionen var for hende en hjerte sak. For den ofret hun at andre maate bleve kjendt med.

Mrs. Mossing var født den 26de juli 1896, i Røsele Navndalen, Norge; av forældrene Ole og Gete Peterson. Forældrene døde da Jenney var fem aar gammel. En tid efter deres død, kom Jenny's onkel og tante Lars og Lena Iverson, Ogema, (da i Sloan, Iowa) paa et besøk til Norge. De adopteret da Jenney. Hos dem fik hun et godt hjem. Da der var langt til nogen luthersk menighet saa sørget de for at hun hom til Staterne for der at faa religiøs under visning og bleve konfirmert. Den tid var hun hos en slægtning, Laura Eng.

I 1915 indgik hun i egteskap med Oscar Mossing, Viceroy. Til dette egteskap blev fem børn født.

Begravelsen fandt sted mandag den 29de mars fra St. Olaf Luthersk kirke, Viceroy, Sask., under stor deltagelse enskjønt veiene var ufremkommelige for Automobil. Undertegnede tok til tekst Fil. 1:21 og Matt. 25:21.

Den avdøde vil blive savnet av: husbond tree sønner, Oliver i Army Band Regina, Lloyd hjemme, Glen i RCAF, Vancouver, to døttene Jeanette og Sylvia; en søsterdatter Svanhild Graadahl, nu Mrs. Krangnes; bror Peter Peterson, Madison, Minn.; to søstre Kari Peterson og Jorgine Graadahl, Norge; tante Mrs. P. B. Peterson Sloan, Iowa.; Fosterforældre Lars og Lena Iverson, samt flere kusiner og venner.

Likbærere var: Ted Anderson, Arne Hendrickson, Einar og Ebbe Iverson, Olaf Bakke, og Harold Fissum.

Støvet blev lagt til hvile i St. Olaf kirke's gravgaard, hvor det venter opstandelsens morgen. Velsignet være hendes minde.

—H. F. Johnson.

Alt det vi lever skal være daap, og skal opfylle daapens tegn eller sakrament, naar vi, befridd fra alt annet, er iført daapen, d.v.s. døden og opstandelsen.

* * *

Bekjenner du at det barn som blev født, er en synder, saa før det til den hellige daap og la Gud ut-

denne naade møter hvert barn under solen med det samme de fødes til verden—døpt eller udøpt." Men Skriften sier: "Nei", "de møter vreden og dommen." Dersom naaden og frelsen i Kristus skal bli deres—maa de faa del i ham. For "...det er ikke frelse i nogen annen" (Ap. gj. 4:12). (fortsettes)

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.
Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD
Hyrden
JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sit
liv til for faarene.
Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Første Nr. i Mai, 1943

2. søndad efter paaske.

DØREN

Evang. Joh. 10, 1—10.

Av sekretær Olav E. Søyland.

Det er ganske merkelig hvorledes vi mennesker er forvrengt og forvendt naar det gjelder vaart forhold til Guds rikke og livet i Gud, i motsetning til hvad vi ellers gjør, og hvorledes vi ellers innretter oss i det daglige, praktiske liv.

Skal vi f. eks. ut paa en reise vi aldri før har foretatt, spør vi oss for og undersøker hos dem som har rede paa det, forat vi paa beste og fordelaktigste maate kan naa frem til vaart bestemmelsessted.

Naar det derimot gjelder *livsreisen*, den eneste og viktigste av alle, legger man iver enhver efter sitt “gies syn og sin hjertens lyst”. “De vendte sig hver til sin vei,” som profeten sier. — Forgjeves lyder det fra ham som kjenner veien og maalet: “Gid du vilde akte paa mine raad.” — Og følgen blir uvegerlig for saa mange: Onde dager og aar, som ikke behager, og et forfeilet liv.

Det samme forhold gjør sig ogsaa gjeldende overfor denne enkle og liketille sak, som teksten idag handler om: *Døren*.

I almindelighet gaar vi gjennom døren om vi vil inn i et hus. Den er jo innsatt til det bruk aa gaa igjennem. Man finner ikke paa aa klyve gjennom vinduet eller gaa bakveier for aa komme inn, uten i ekstraordinære tilfeller.

Hvor forholdet i mange tilfeller blir anderledes, naar det gjelder aa gaa inn i Guds hus og hans liv og samfund. Ogsaa her er innsatt en dør. Jeg er døren, sier Jesus. Istedetfor nu aa gaa den like vei, den rette og eneste som faktisk fører inn og frem, saa er Jesus nødt til aa tale om nogen som “stiger over annetsteds, som ikke gaar inn i faarestien gjennom døren.” Han er nødt til aa tale om det, og vi er nødt til aa tale om det, fordi det nu som da finnes saa mange, mange som lever i denne forvrengte og forvendte opfatning at i Guds rike kan vi gaa forbi døren, inngangen, og finne oss en bakdør eller omvei. Ogsaa her aapenbarer synden sin virkning. Men Jesus er døren! Gjennom ham gaar vi inn til frelsen. Gjennom ham naar vi inn til faarene. Gjennom ham gaar veien til Herrens rike forraadskammer, saa det kan bli liv og overflod av liv. —

*

Gjennem døren maa faarenes hyrder gaa. Her er mange hyrder og tilsynsmenn i Norge idag: prester, predikanter, lærere og søndagsskolelærere, ungdomsledere osv. Vi er kommet inn i faarestien for aa lede, rykte og føde Herrens faar og lam. Men hvorledes er vi kommet inn i dette? Gikk du gjennom døren, gjennom Jesus, eller kløv du over annetsteds? Er du kjent med ham og har faatt noe av hans kjærlighet inn i din nød? Er du selv frelst, gaatt gjennom døren til frelst, gaatt gjennom døren til frelse for dig selv, saa du for andre kan gaa foran og vise veien?

Det var jo denne blindhet Jesus gikk irecte med, da han talte disse ord til fariseerne! De var fremmede for Jesus. De ransaket nok i skriftene, var skriftlærde og kloke, men ham som skriftene vidnet om var de fremmed for. Det er jo forferdig aa tenke, at det skal komme og banke paa himmelens port, ja endog: “mange skal si paa hin dag: Herre, Herre, har vi ikke talt profetisk ved ditt navn, utdrevet onde aander ved ditt navn, og gjort mange kraftige gjerninger ved ditt navn? Og da skal Jesus vidne for dem: Jeg har aldri kjent eder.” Matt 7, 22—23.

Mon hvordan slike hyrder ser ut i vaar tid? Og jeg som vidner for andre og er med i faarestien skulde vel ikke være en av dem? En rett hyrde har selv gaatt veien til frelse, gjennom Jesus Kristus. Oplevet frigjørelse og barnekaar alene ved og gjennom ham. En rett hyrde trenger paany og paany aa gaa den samme vei, op-lev paanytt frelsens glede og optendes paany i sin første kjærlighet. En rett hyrde erkjenner selv sin egen avhengighet av “Den gode, store, rette hyrde”, og trenger saa inderlig aa føres, ledes og næres av ham. Saa skal vi ved Guds naade slippe dommen, baade i Aap. 2, 1—6 og i Matt. 7, 22.

Den som gaar gjennom døren blir frelst.

BED FOR MODERKIRKEN OG
VORE FAEDERS LAND

Kirken i Norge fører en seig og heltemodig kamp for samvittigheten, for folkefriheten, for retfærdighet og for sandhet. Det er en kamp som inspirerer ogsaa andre til aedel daad, til kjærlighet, til offervillighet og til selvopofrelse for sandhet og for menneskerettigheter. Naar vi hører hvordan ikke bare kirkens ledere men mange andre av landets borgere setter liv og alt de har paa spild for Gud og fædreland, hvor litet er ikke det vi maa ofre i sammenligning?

Vore fædres kirke og land behøver for forbøn, for kampen derover blir mer og mer tilspisset. Quislingerne har vel en anelse at deres tid er snart omme, derfor blir de mer og mer rasende. Lad os be Gud om at Han som har forundt dem at kjæmpe og lide for sandhet og ret ogsaa maa give dem naade til at bli tro til siste kampdagen, tro naar det maaske kommer til at gaa endda værre til end nu. La os be ved vore gudstjenester og ved vore møter. Men la ogsaa forbønningen gaa og til Gud hver dag i vore hjem.

Vore fædres kirke har bragt glans om alt som heter norsk. Den har ogsaa bragt ære og repsekt over kristennavnet og over den lutherske kirke. En slik trængsel som vore frænder nu maa gaa igjennem kan ikke andet end sette dype merker efter sig. Det kan bli til en aandelig fornyelse for en stor del av det norske folk hvis det tages paa den rette maate, med den rette tro, for troen er altid den avgjørende. Et helt folk sveises nu sammen i lidelsens ovn til en høiere enhet, til et større liv, til ædlere daad. Jeg er forvisset om at Norge skal staa op igjen og tjene menneskeheten i en høiere grad og i større mon end før. Gud fornædrer den Han vil ophøje.

Men det kommer ikke til at gaa for sig uten lidelse og kamp, heller ikke efter freden er kommet. Der blir ogsaa bitre skuffelser. Derfor la us be flittig for vore fædres kirke og for der norske folk.

Det mindste vi skylder vore fædres kirke og folk er at holde os underrettet om dem. Kundskap er jo den første betingelse for sympati. Læs om kirkens kamp og om dens martyrer derborte i Norge. Nylig er en særdeles god og fuldstændig fremstilling av den norske kirkes kamp mot nazismen utkommet. Den heter “The Fight of the Norwegian Church against Nazism”. Boken er skrevet av Bjarne Høye og Trygve M. Ager, er utgivet paa Macmillans forlag, er paa 180 sider og koster \$1.75. Alle vigtige dokumenter som vedkommer saken er optrykte i boken. Boken er vel skrevet og letlæselig. Du vil ha fornøielse av at læse den. Den vil ogsaa inspireredig til at sette kursen for det som er ædlere og høiere i livet. —*Iver Iversen.*

— Ogsaa dette lyder som en “kommando og et evangelium”, som det heter i en bok.

Det er som Jesus staar og roper og vi skal faa opta dette rop til vaart folk: Gjennem døren! Dit gaar veien! Ikke annetsteds, — hverken gjerningenes vei, bønnens, gavenes, selvfornektelsens, — de er alle verdifulle hver for sig, men først efter at døren i Kristus Jesus er passert, til frelse og barnerett hos Gud av bare naade. Du maa den vei!

Men ikke bare maa, du skal faa *lov* a gaa *den vei*! Jesus er døren, inngangen og over den dør staar kun skrevet: “Den som kommer til mig, vil jeg ingenlunde støte ut.” Den som kommer! Syndefull, med megen eller liten anger, verdig eller uverdigg, fattig, haapløs! “Den som gaar inn gjennom mig, *han blir frelst!* Tro kun like-til som det staar, si: Jeg gaar nu gjennom dig, Jesus — og saa sier dette ord, jeg er frelst. Vedbli saa med aa gaa gjennom døren, i bønn, i tro, i ordet — inn og ut rett ofte, saa skal du faa liv, kjenne livet, og til overflod skal det ogsaa bli, d.v.s. du skal faa nynne og syng litt paa den nye sangen, som undertiden kan forme sig slik:

*Nu har jeg funnet livet i Gud,
takk Jesus, takk Jesus.
Tror mig aa være Frelserens brud,
takk Jesus, takk Jesus.
Jesus har vunnet seier!
Jesus har aapnet vei!
Fred i hans blod jeg eier,
offeret gjaldt for mig.*

Fortsat fra side 2

trøytte og verkjande i si seng og venta paa sønnen fordi han hadde arbeid for hart for aa skaffa mat til mange monnar.

Det er fædre-landet!

Det er stova du leika i. Det er tunet du sprang paa, det er grenda, der du voks saman med folket. Det er steinarne me sprang paa, det er dalen, det er lida, det er aasen, det er fjorden, fossen, det er gauken i vaaren saman med tusend andre som syng. Det er Moltrosta som prestera reinare tonar enn Kristen Flagstad og Norena.

Det er øyar, hoglmar og skjær. Det er havbaara med sin djupe bass, der er asken i havet, det er ørreten som leikar i fjellvatten og laksen som slengjer seg i fossen.

Det er skulestova, det er kyrka, det er bedehuset. Det er presten, læraren og lægpreikaren.

Det er kyrkegården, der fædrene søv, og der ogso far og mor søv, helde skal sova.

Det er landet der vaare fædre var og er.

Det er Norig — eit av dei fagreste land paa vaar jord.

Det er det land som sola skin milt og mjukt kl. 12 natt.

Det er det land Blix syng so fagert om:

“Aa eg veit meg eit land langt der oppe i nord,
med ei lysande strand, millom høgfjell og fjord.

Der eg gjerne er gjest, der mitt hjarta er fest
med dei finaste — finaste band.

Der eit fjell stig mot sky med ei krunga av snø

og i lauklednad ny det seg speglar i sjø,
og det smilar mot strand med si bringa i brann
i den solklaara — solklaare kvell.

Aa — eg minnast, eg minnast sovel dette fjell

Denne heim er meg kjær, som den beste paa jord,
Han mitt hjarta er nær, denne fjetrande fjord.

og det maalande fjell og den straalande kvell.

— Hugon leikar, den leikar paa deim. —
Aa eg minnast, eg minnast sovel denne heim.”

* * *

Det er om mor i dette land ein av vaare største diktara skriv om, naar han fortel oss kor veslemøi lenktar heim borte fraa mor:

“No gaar ho stulle kjøken-kraa, ho mor.
ho er so gamald, ho er so graa, ho mor.
aa var eg katen i mjuke skin,
som kjæla faar seg som barne inn til ho mor!

Ho gaar paa tune, den stille gard, ho mor.
Med kvikke spor i sit fotefar, ho mor.
Aa, var eg sporven so glad og lett
som hopp og dansa og sprett og skvett om ho mor.

Eg veit so vel kva ho tænkjer paa, ho mor,
naar der ved gruva ho møydd maa staa, ho mor.

So tidt ho gløymmer sitt slit og mas
og stier ut gjennom kjøkenglas, ho mor.
Kor gaar det veslemøy — arme ting,
som renna maa alle berg omkring, spør ho mor.

Eg trur den tida fekk rundt seg snutt,
Eg reknar time og kvart mienut, du mor!
Aa kunne eg stiga med sju mils steg,
aa sitkja ei ør lita stund hjaa deg.

Du, mi mor!

Dette er fædre-lands-kjærlaik.

Det er dette vaart fædreland som ogso so mange av dykk, som er her idag, lækhtar etter aa faa sjaa att endaa ein gong, og det er denne lækting som hjaa so mange veks med aara.

Det er ogso i dette land som mange av dykk so gjerna vilde faa kvila i ei grav ved sido av far og mor.

Men det er denne lækting og dette ynskje, dei fleste av dykk ikkje vil faa opfyldt.

De faar ikkje eingong som Moses gaa op paa eit fjell for aa sjaa landet.

Præria er for flat og Atlanteren for breid. De maa vera der de no er.

Takk so Gud for det land de no bur i,

Minnet om Mor

Det blev saa tyst og stille i hjemmet uten mor,

Din kjente stemme aldri jeg kan høre,
Og plassen din er tom og min saken den er stor,

Og mange minner ofte mig kan føre
Tilbake til den timen du voktet arnens ild
Og alltid var den samme, saa øm, saa god og mild,
Min drøm, min lykke og min store glæde.

Saa hurtig gikk de dager i sol og skygge hen,

Kun minnene jeg eier fra den tiden,
Og helst i stille stunder de taler om den venn,

Som bort blev tatt fra sorgen og fra striden.
Saa mangen kveld jeg minnes, de smaa var i sin seng,

Du sang for liten vennen og for den lille dreng —

Saa lunt det var ved arneilden hjemme.

Nu hviler du i graven, du graater ikke mer
Og legemet befriet er for smerte —

Og alt hvad tidt dig saaret og som bedrøvet her

Det tynger ikke mere paa ditt hjerte.
Saa signet være minnet, din grav et hellig sted,

Hvor tidt jeg enn kan dvele i stille ro og fred —

Og minnes hvad du var for oss her hjemme.
—*I. N. V.*

Over I Amerika

Ja, jeg mindes ogsaa en lystraale som randt op i Norge for 45 aar siden, som ofte fornyes i mine tanker og som gaar ut fra salmen 105 i vor Landstads salmebog som lyder saaledes:

Jeg veed et evigt himmerig,
Som ei med Guld det røde
E r smykket ud saa prydelig
Men med Guds ord det søde.

En moder kaldte mig da hun laa paa sit dødsleie. Hun bad mig at finde ovenstaaende nummer go sende denne salme til hendes eldste søn som var i Amerika, den bedste hilsning hun vidste at sende ham. Hun bekymret sig over om sønnen hadde lang vei til kirken. — Ja om nogen aar blev veien lagt mot Norge, og kanske salmens indhold som maal. Om en kort tid fik han bud om at nedlegge vandrings staven. Da var han i sin moders hjem.

Om Guds naade og kraft jeg beder.

—*Adrew Dahlen.*

Lunkenhet, sikkerhet og splid er tre fiender som jeg frykter for skal trengje sig ind blandt de troende, og denne frykt vil komme til at hvile paa mig til min sidste stund. Det er min hjertelige formaning til alle troende, at dere er paa vakt mot disse farlige fiender, saa de ikke faar indpas.

—*Hans Nielsen Hauge.*

her ha de faatt mykje godt. Hogs so kva Gud sa til Israel daa dei maatte draga til Babel:

“Søk det lands beste som de er komne til. — Naar det gaar det vel gaar det ogso dykker vel.” Hogs ogso paa at dette land vert dykkar born og borneborns fædreland!

Men først og sist maa me minna kvar andre om, at kver me er i verda — her helde der — so er me dog ikkje i vaart rette fædreland.

Det er inn til det land Jesus Kristus har opna portarne for oss vaart rette fædreland er. — Der sig aldrig sol korkje ned i prærie helde hav.

Der er ingen emigrasjon ut fraa landet. Der er ingen gravhaug.

Der er døden død.

Der tørkast inga taarar.

Der er løst hver jordisk gaate og hvert hvorfor som her jeg undrest paa.

Der er vaart rette fædreland.

Der er alle vaare fædre som forud gikk hjem i tru paa Jesus Kristus.

“Og aldrig vi mere skal skilles fra dem. Aa, Herre, jeg græter av glæde.”

Der vert ikkje for trøngt bu.

Der slipp nu sjaa eter nytt land. Lat oss settja kvarandre stevne der! So aan me dei att som sovna paa præria og millom Norigs fjell.

—*SKANDINAVEN, 1938.*

How our Ladies' Aids May Help the Pension Fund.

1. In the congregations that have not joined the plan the Ladies' Aid could pass a resolution addressed to the Board of Trustees of the congregation urging its adoption.

2. If the trustees feel that the congregation is financially unable to assume the premium obligations the Ladies' Aid could offer to pay the premiums (6 per cent of the pastor's salary).

3. Write to the Board of Pensions for literature to distribute among your members if your congregation is not in the Pension Plan.

4. Women's organizations in the congregations that have joined the Pension Plan can make special gifts to the Contingent Fund of the new plan if they wish to do more than their allotted share for pensions.

5. Since the Contingent Fund of the new pension plan gets part of the Budget receipts be sure that the Budget of your congregation is paid in full.

This is definitely a project that is missionary in character because it aims to strengthen the ministry and to avoid the loss of efficiency that takes place in a congregation when a pastor must remain in the service in spite of the handicaps of old age because of the lack of an income on which to retire.

For the sake of the old pastors, to assure the young pastors, and, to promote the welfare of the whole Church our women are urged to use their influence in the congregations that are not yet in the Pension Plan in order that before this Centennial year closes this sound and scientific system for providing retirement incomes for the pastors may be firmly established for the blessing of the Church in the next century.

—News Bulletin.

Life Membership And In Memoriam

If you knew that it were possible for you to help provide a Christian home-away-from-home for thousands of our boys in the service, or that you could aid a large number of worthy young folks in receiving a Christian education—would you do it?

This and much more we all have opportunity to do through the following Life Membership and In Memoriam Department projects for 1943—44:

Lutheran Wold Missions\$2,000
Servicemen's Commission 1,500
Luther College 500
Clifton College 500
Seminary Library 2,000
Needy Home Mission Pastor 3,000
Educational Loan Fund 3,000
Mem. Church in So. Africa 1,500
Indian Mission Chapel Fund 200
Lutheran Book Missions 300
Bibles for Children's Homes 300
Remainder for China Medical Supplies.	

—Mrs. Alvin G. Lewis.

"Home, if it is to be the shrine we love to call it, demands not only a pure priestess but a priest as pure, to keep its sacred altar bright."—Frances E. Willard.

* * *

"Can I face things as they actually are in the light of the reality of Jesus Christ, or do things as they are efface altogether my faith in Him, and put me into a panic?"

* * *

"Frequently the people who are most careful of the gilt on their Bible care little for the gold within it."

* * *

I had not contemplated war
When I brought God my son
I knew not what He had in store
What work He wanted done.

A preacher son was in my dreams
Or missionary brave
To win the lost; but now it seems
A soldier boy I gave.

But more than just a soldier boy
In handsome khaki clad
I give to Him with greatest joy
A Christian soldier lad.

Like David then, a soldier, too,
So mighty with his sword
My son will fight with colors true
Victorious in the Lord.

—Elsa Felland Armstrong.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. J. R. Lavik, Editor, — Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, Sask.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32.

* * *

Praise the Savior now and ever!
Praise Him all beneath the skies!
Prostrate lying, suff'ring, dying,
On the cross, a Sacrifice;
Victory gaining,
Life obtaining,
Now in glory He doth rise.

* * *

"Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." —Ps. 31:24.

"GOD STILL LIVES"

Mrs. H. M. NORMANN

As I write I sit at my window and watch the snow. There is a strong wind. It whips and tears at the bare branches, the ragged weeds, the naked shrubbery. How the snow swirls and drifts! Here and there I can still see the thick layer of ice which has covered all the ground, sealing every bit of lawn and garden. This will be a bitterly cold night. The traveler, raising his head against the swirling snow and biting wind, will look in vain for gentle moon and guiding star.

As the storm rages I sit and dream of other things. I hear the war news, some good, some bad, but through it all runs the story of hate and greed and oppression. Man straining every nerve and muscle—every talent to kill his brother. The world caught in a storm of hate, the icy hand of death covering the nations.

It is time for devotion. We are preparing for the Lenten season. It is a time of heart searchings. I am conscious of all that sin has done to freeze what was lovely and beautiful. How cold it has made the hearts of men! How much strife and cruelty it has brought forth! I find it in my own heart, my own thoughts. But saddest of all, I see what it has done to One who had no sin: to our Lord Jesus. I see the storm rage about His Holy head, because of our sins. Each day I will read from the story of His suffering and death, and I will know it was for me.

Again I look at the swirling snow, the ice on the garden. But I do not despair. Already I have noticed the warmth and power of the sun on a clear day. Spring is in the offing. Soon those wriths of snow and the ice underneath will melt and water the earth. The winds will become balmy, the bare branches will burst with buds of leaf and blossom. The grass will be green and birds will return to build their nests.

I know this will be so, for I have seen it happen often. There will again be a day on which the sun will shine. Some night soon I shall go out and see the moon shedding its soft light over my town and I shall watch the stars twinkling gayly in the heavens. "God still lives," says my heart. He is still the Ruler of nature, the Ruler of the universe, the Ruler of the nations, Lord of lords and King of kings. Hope springs again in my breast and I dare believe that when He so wills and the sun of Righteousness shall have shone upon the hearts of men, then war shall give way to peace.

To His Book I turn again. I am still ashamed of my sins, I acknowledge them and repent of them but I do not despair. In His Book I read His Gospel message. After Lent comes Easter. I will not be afraid for He who was dead is arisen. He has conquered death and sin for me. My grateful heart shall sing of springtime, of victory, but above all of resurrection in Jesus' name.

Announcement

The Annual Meeting of the W.M.F. of Edmonton Circuit will be held D.V. at Amisk Creek Lutheran Church, Pastor A. M. Vinge's parish June 5th. commencing at 11:00 A.M.

The theme of the convention is "Our Church Is Built" a continuation of the series "Our Lutheran Heritage".

—Mary Erickson, Secretary.

LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE

Dear W.M.F. members:

The time of spring circuit meetings is at hand. We hope that the Centennial may be uppermost in the minds of those planning the meetings. Will not each Ladies' Aid in Canada make a special effort to make a worthwhile contribution to the Centennial now?

There is another matter to which I should like to call your attention; it is the question of the observance of Sunday throughout our land. Since there exists a great deal of confusion in the minds of many people regarding the Lord's Day Alliance, I would like to explain it through our columns.

The Lord's Day Alliance of Canada is a national and inter-denominational organization which was begun in Ottawa in 1888, for the protection and preservation of the Lord's Day. Official action by Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches started the movement which was quickly supported by many other denominations.

"The primary task of the Alliance is to safeguard Sunday as the national weekly day of rest. It seeks to secure for the citizens of Canada this one day of the week free from the ordinary toil of life, and for our community freedom from the atmosphere of commercialism on that day. It seeks also to promote an intelligent appreciation of the essential spiritual values of this day of freedom through the cultivation of moral and spiritual ideals." (Quoted from "Why and How.")

The Lord's Day Act of Canada was enacted by the Dominion Parliament in 1906. By this act Canadians have established their legal right to Sunday as their weekly day of rest. All unnecessary work and business is declared illegal on Sunday. Where necessary Sunday work must be provided for, the Act aims to secure compensatory rest-day privileges for Sunday workers.

The Alliance has resisted attempts to exploit Sunday for the business of sport and entertainment. It does not prosecute offenders but seeks to promote an intelligent understanding of Sunday laws and their enforcement.

The Alliance Act dealt with thousands of cases of alleged infractions of this law and has secured for thousands of workers the freedom of the one day of rest out of seven.

In the booklet, "The Lost Day" which together with copies of the Act may be had from the Alliance headquarters at 542 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ontario, for the asking, Elmer Helms gives us a vivid picture of what the day of rest should mean to a Christian nation, or community, or family, and shows very definitely the evil resulting when governments and peoples dishonor and set aside the Sabbath. Get it and read it.

Thomas Macauley advises this generation to let the machine, MAN, rest and be repaired on Sunday, so that when he goes to his work on Monday he may have a clearer intellect, brighter vision, and renewed bodily vigor.

"Our days are prolonged by obeying the law of the Sabbath. If we defy it we destroy ourselves before our time. Man's physical well being depends on the Sabbath; his spiritual being far more so. The high and holy purpose of Sunday is to walk and talk with the Lord." (Helms.)

What about Sunday observance in your community? In the large cities? In the little villages and towns? Occasionally ministers will preach on the subject. I am sure we would hear more from our pulpits in our Lutheran church, on the observance of Sunday, if we would only ask for it. That is your obligation and mine—as Canadian citizens.

In the W.C.T.U. the first Sunday in April has been set aside for remembering Lord's Day Observance, although any Sunday will do just as well. Since I was appointed provincial superintendent in Alberta of Lord's Day Observance, I have learned several important things. I sent for two dozen copies of the Act and distributed them to all our local W.C.T.U. unions in the province. There is a great deal to learn from reading the Lord's Day Act. We will find out there how the Sab-

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo of China, is considered one of the world's greatest women. Ten points of greatness are listened by Miss Booth in the *Scholastic*.

"First: She is one of the world's best wives. Miss Mayling Soong, after a seven-year courtship, led Chiang to Christianity and they were married in Shanghai in 1927. For fifteen years she has shared—not shouldered—all the Generalissimo's disappointments, discomforts and dangers.

Second: She is one of the world's best mothers. She has personally adopted 40,000 war orphans and spends much of her time visiting with them, talking with them, singing with them, playing with them, planning and hoping for them.

Third: She is one of the world's best organizers. She started the New Life Movement in China. Today it has enlisted the aid of Chinese women everywhere. Madame Chiang has liberated for useful social activity more members of her sex than any other woman alive.

Fourth: She is the nearest thing to a Joan of Arc that this decade has produced. She was one of the first in China to see the importance of air power in modern conflict. In the time of bombings she is the first to leave her shelter and go among the soldiers and citizens to rally them.

Fifth: She is the nearest thing to a Florence Nightingale that this decade has produced. She has worked hard to develop a strong and well-equipped Chinese Red Cross. She has herself washed the gangrened feet of farmer-soldiers and bound the wounds of peasants caught in air raids.

Sixth: Madame Chiang is one of the world's most influential missionaries. Both her American educated Chinese father, Charles Jones Soong, and her Chinese-born mother, Katherine Nyi Soong, were devout Methodist Episcopal missionaries and she has carried on the spirit of their work in China. Every member of Mayling Chiang's powerful family is a Christian.

Seventh: Madame Chiang is one of the world's most famous linguists. From the time she was ten years old to the time she was nineteen she spent her time in America and was graduated from Wellesley College in 1917. Today she writes and speaks both English and Chinese very well.

Eighth: She has done more than anyone living or perhaps more than any human being that ever lived to bring to the peoples of the East a knowledge of the West and to the people of the West a knowledge of the East.

Ninth: She is one of the world's most skilled women diplomats, politicians, enlightened statesmen.

Tenth: She is one of the world's most beautiful and charming and human women. She is about five feet, four inches tall and forty-four years of age. She has a slim figure, great black eyes and lovely little hands. Her beauty lies in movement and color."

—Mission Tidings.

bath is broken Sunday after Sunday, perhaps unconsciously by ourselves. Business and sport are illegally conducted everywhere. Radio advertising on Sunday is prohibited. And since our Dominion needs to be protected from evil by Christian citizens, we do well if we begin by warning against the brazen breaking of the Lord's Day Act.

Man's law in Canada is the Lord's Day Act. But God's law all over the world is the third commandment—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

Yours in His Service,

Magda Hendrickson.

Tofield, Alta.,
April 4, 1943.

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